

NOT THE RIGHT WOMAN.

PATHETIC RESULT OF A WRITER'S BIT OF DETECTIVE WORK.

She Had Heard That All Beggars Were Wealthy and She Followed a Woman Who Played an Accordion, Expecting to Find a Princeely Home—What She Saw.

She sat all day in the dust and the wind on the street corner grinding dreary tunes out of a dilapidated old accordion that shrieked and groaned and wheezed but was never in the least musical.

"She owns a block of houses," I said to myself, "and has money in the bank. I shall not drop a penny in that old tin cup. It is wrong to encourage mendicity."

I was only repeating what had been said to me about street impostors. Now that I had a good chance to study one of these characters from the window of a hotel, I became interested. Yes. Without doubt this woman was an impostor. Her rags of raiment were eloquent with that personal poverty which appeals so strongly to the sympathetic. Her head drooped over her recumbent figure. She sat on the curbstone and mechanically ground out her doleful music.

She was there at nightfall when I stepped out of the hotel, but she was preparing to leave.

"Aha, my lady," I said to myself, "here is a chance to follow you and see how much of your doleful plea is true. If you are an impostor I shall soon know it, and I skipped along in the shadow until I had traversed a long distance from my hotel, treading all the alleys and back streets in the city, it seemed to me.

NO DECEPTION ABOUT THIS.

Then she climbed a pair of rickety stairs on the outside of a tumble down house. I still followed her and groped my way in the dark to a miserable room in the rear, where a chorus of little voices saluted her.

"Mamma, oh, mamma, we've been good—we've been jes' as good as we could. 'Hasn't wese, Johnny?' cried a wan faced little girl lying on the poor bed in the corner.

The door was left open and I slipped out of sight behind it, but I could both see and hear, and if I was discovered, why, I was looking for a mythical wash-lady who once lived in those rooms. That was all.

"Dot some pread an' putter, mamma?" continued the child's voice, while a feeble wail from the bed added its note of supplication.

The woman had dropped her musical burden on the table and now she emptied her pocket.

"Dere's feeteen cents, 'n'all in pennies, Johnnie, run and get some hot sausage an a loaf of bread. An'll boil some hot coffee against ye'r back."

Johnny could not run. He was a frightful little cripple, but he limped away with the pennies.

Then I came forward and made my bogus errand known, and asked to see the sick child in the bed.

The woman looked at me suspiciously. "Taint dip'thery," she said, "it's consomphun, an ye cannot take her to any hospital while I have breath in my body."

"Do you go out with that thing every day and leave these children here alone?" I asked.

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN. "I ain't a regular," she whined, "the woman—she were a Bohemian—died and left me that for takin' care of her. I cud play it that well you couldn't tell betwixt and between us, and I give up washin, for this is easier and more ledgy-like. I was allus that fond of music."

"So am I, and if you don't mind I will come here sometimes and hear you play, instead of stoppin' on the street—no, no," as she seized up the instrument, "not tonight," and I slipped out, leaving my humble contribution on the table.

I heard the woman singing to her sick child before I had reached the foot of the stairs. At the corner I met crippled Johnny. He had a brown paper pack-age of food.

"Sassages 'n bread," he said, smacking his lips.

"But what is there for the sick baby?" I asked.

"Golly, yer ought to see her eat sassage! She jist snatches 'em."

"Johnny," I asked seriously, "has your mother a block of houses and a lot of money in the bank?"

"What yer givin' us?" asked the boy, staring at me.

"I mean is—is—your mother poor?"

"Ain't she, tho', jist orful somtimes," and he hopped away with the food, regarding me with wonder as he walked backward.

I have concluded that there must be some mistake about the princely wealth of this impoverished family, and that it must be the woman with the organette and not the woman with the accordion who own houses and lands, and I shall make a sneak some day and follow her. Then if she is the nabob in disguise I will let you know.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.

Cigars and Music Combined.

While I stood at the showcase in a cigar store the other day a music box began playing. I looked all about the store to see where the melody came from, but the instrument was nowhere visible.

Finally the storekeeper, with a broad smile on his face, took a cigar box down from the row on a shelf and set it before me. As he opened the lid the playing ceased. I looked into the box and saw that the lower half of it was devoted to the music box.

"This is the novel way," said the dealer, "that a firm has chosen to introduce a new brand of cigars."—New York Herald.

One Occupation Still Left.

Fair Visitor—I am collecting subscriptions for a poor boy who cannot work. He has both limbs paralyzed.

Mr. Grough—Why doesn't he become a telegraph messenger?—Life.



All ages, and all conditions of womanhood will find just the help that woman needs, in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That's a matter that's guaranteed. If it can't be done, then the medicine costs you nothing—its makers don't want your money.

Get it, if you're a tired or suffering woman, and you will find it builds up and invigorates the entire system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. At the two critical periods in a woman's life—the change from girlhood to womanhood, and later, the "change of life"—it is a powerful restorative agent, that can produce only good results.

For all the degradations, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex, "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy so certain that it can be guaranteed. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

You pay only for the good you get. Can you ask more?



WHY IS THE
W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR
GENTLEMEN

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and comfortable; a full size larger than any other manufacturer. It equals hand-sewed shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$10.00.

It is the finest calf shoe ever offered for \$3.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from \$8.00 to \$12.00.

One pair will wear a year.

\$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at \$2.50 than this. Those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

\$2.25 and \$2.00 Workingman's shoes are made of the best leather, and are given them by the men who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75 school shoes are on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies' \$3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best imported shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$8.00.

Ladies' \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoe for Ladies' \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoe for

Men's \$3.00 Letter Carrier; Farmers, Railroad Men and Laborers; all wear them; fine calf, soft, elastic, and comfortable, with leather soles, extension edge.

Opposite the Post Office, Newark, New Jersey.

Opposite the Post Office, Newark, New Jersey.